

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN RATE LUDLUM.

Author of "At a Girl's Mercies," Etc.

Entered According to Act of Congress in the Year 1900 by Street & Smith,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Dolores sat up with a dignity of bearing that silenced further words on the woman's lips.

"Do you think," she said—"does any one think that I would leave my father?"

The nurse laughed softly, with a touch of scorn in her voice.

"Do you think it would break his heart, Miss Johnson?"

Dolores was too deeply in earnest to be moved by the scornful words; afterward the words and tone came back to her distinctly.

"I would not leave my father," she said, solemnly, her large, steadfast eyes fixed disconcertingly on the quiet face opposite. "I would not leave my father—never—while he lives—not for any one."

"You may change your mind," the nurse said, lightly, rising to prepare for the night. She touched the girl's hair softly as Dora could have done, caressing the stray curls on the smooth, broad brow pityingly.

"Go to bed, child," she said. "We'll not talk any more about that now; it is time you were getting your beauty sleep ere the clock strikes twelve."

"I would not leave my father," Dolores said, solemnly, her eyes raised to the kindly face above her. "I would not leave my father—ever—while he lives—not for any one."

"Who'd a thought," said Jones, meditatively, tipping his chair back and stretching his feet pretty well toward the smoky mantel. "Who'd a thought that big Johnson w' sinews like oak'd ever kem ter thes?"

It was more the statement of a fact than a question; he said it to free his mind and start the ball of conversation rolling. That every one thought as he did on this subject was a matter of course. He looked around on them approvingly as though to impress them with the fact that he was with them there.

"Et's better so," said Lodie, gravely, changing his left leg over the right; "et's better so than fer him ter hev run inter hidin'."

A silence fell over them all; each thought the same; in fact they thought considerably beyond that, but not one of them dared say what was in his mind.

"Reyther onsatisfactory an'sra they give us when we went ter ask 'bout hem," said big Tom Smith, dissatisfiedly, as he pushed the cat from the hearth with his foot and drew his chair up nearer the fire.

"Ther jedgo's son were thar," said another big, stout man, with a malicious snort of laughter. "Ther jedgo's son were thar, an' theys were too big ter speak ter sech common folks as we uns. What hev we ter do with they uns sence ther jedgo's son hev took up Johnson an' his gal?"

A loud burst of laughter drowned the sobbing of the storm. Lodie alone sat quite unmoved, staring gravely into the crackling fire.

"Look a-hyar," he said, slowly, changing his right leg over the left. "Look a-hyar, men, mebb'y 't ain't sech a good joke as ye seem ter think with yer larkin' an' yer jokin'. When I helped with Johnson tell ther doctors kem, I could see plain thet 't

thar were Johnson's gal a standin' et ther winder startin' out et ther rain, jes' es she'd stood ever sence we brought her feyther home, an' she's never moved or spoke sence. Stop yer larkin', men; 'tain't no larkin' matter—thes thet hev hap'd Johnson."

"Hev ther gal stole yer hyart fro' ye, Lodie?" asked one of the men, again starting the rough laughter. "She's a sweet gal, Jim, an' ye're welcome ter her ef ye ken get her from ther jedgo's son. But ye'll hev ter be lively, man. 'Tain't ev'ry gal kin get ther son o' a jedgo, an' ye'd best put yer best foot forrard as soon as may be."

"Look a-hyar, man"—there was a wrathful gleam in the big fellow's black eyes as he arose to his feet in all his height of six feet three—"et makes no difference what ye say ter me or 'bout me, but ther next one what speaks thet gal's name like thet'll be laid outen flatter'n ever Johnson were, an' he'll never git up agen. How'd ye like one o' us ter say ther same o' yer darter, Hiram Sadler?"

"Hi, hi!" the men exclaimed, with another burst of laughter not so loud nor so long as before. "Hi, hi! hyar's kem a champion fighter fer thet gal o' Johnson's sure's ye live, Jones. Let's hev a drink outen et, ter drive all ill feelin' off. I meant no harm ter ye, Lodie, nor ther gal neither."

And the big man looked down on the speaker with steady eyes as he answered:

"Say what ye like 'bout me an' ter me, Sadler, but ther first sech word 'bout thet gal o' Johnson's from any o' ye'll be yer last."

And they knew he meant what he said.

CHAPTER XIII.

Around the Tavern Fire.

"I heard reyther a strange story ower yander in ther town thes mornin' when I went fer ther doctors," Tom Smith said, presently, setting down his mug of elder and wiping off his bearded lips with the back of his hand. "A strange story an' reyther more'n I think Johnson deserves."

"He hev more'n he deserves now," Sadler said, with a leer at Lodie.

"But the story, Tom," Jones interposed, to prevent further unpleasantness. "Let's hev et at once."

"Et's 'bout Johnson's, of course," Smith said, solemnly. "Et all 'pears ter be 'bout Johnson. A sheffless, no 'count critter ennyhow."

"Never mind 'bout thet," Jones said, seeing Lodie turn his big black eyes from the fire to the face of the speaker. "Johnson is havin' all he ken well carry 'thout our sayin' hyard thes 'bout hem. Let's hev yer story, Tom."

"Well, when I was done seein' ther doctors an' ther wimmen," Smith continued, "et ther jedgo's house, what young Green sent me ter see. I went ower ter Scrubb's ther corner opp'sit ther court house where some o' ther fellers was. One o' ther men thar got ter talkin' pretty free 'bout ther trial an' ther larkin' an' ther hull b'ness, an' one o' ther others sed ter him thet he'd best keep a civil tongue in his head 'bout thet Johnson an' his gal, fer et seems thet Lem Johnson—him thet left hyar many year ago—hev kem back ter see his brother, an' has been askin' news o' him, an' is a findin' out all he ken 'bout him, an' special 'bout thet gal o' hisn. Et seems he hev got his darter with him an' she hev took a fancy ter thet gal o' Johnson's from ther first what she hev heard all from ther jedgo's son. An' et's kem out thet theys goin' ter kerry her 'way up No'th ter ther big city when theys go, an' eddicat her an' make a lady o' her. An' Lem, he hev a heap o' money, theys says ower yander, an' he an' ther jedgo's struck up a powerful friendship thet may, they 'lowed, mebb'y prove a benefit ter Johnson in many ways, but most special in a way 't wes all know."

"Et 'pears queer how thes kem round," Sadler said, meditatively, "but Lem Johnson al'ays did hev more grit 'n most of em. Theys a sheffless, no 'count set ennyhow, 'ceptin' him, an' ther gal worse 'n most."

"Look a-hyar, Sadler," Lodie said, slowly—Dolores could not have spoken slower. "Et's bein' worse'n ther boaste ter hit a man when he's down, special when yer know he kyan't live long ter bother nobody. Ef theys get hem ower ther town alive et'll be more'n I reckon. An' more'n thet, he may be dead or a-dyin' thes minnet while wes what call our selves his friends be talkin' 'bout him names an' sayin' onkind thes 'bout hem. Hem an' his gal has 'nough ter think of 'thout we uns heapin' on her an' him a lot o' hyard thes 't ain't

all true or kind. How'd ye like thes same 'bout ye, or yer gal, Sadler?"

The fire died down on the hearth until only a glowing heap of ashes remained. The rain and wind sobbed outside at the doors and windows, awaying the creaking sign at the door post. Suddenly the low door was thrown open, letting in a gust of hoarse east wind and showers of rain and sleet, and out of this, like a wreath of the storm, tall, grave-faced, drenched to the skin, young Green stood in their midst.

He closed the door and advanced toward the fire, removing his hat as he did so.

Jones arose at once. Jones was always ready for business; the jedgo's son would pay well, no doubt; he should have the best in the house. The other men retained their positions and regarded the new-comer with no friendly eyes.

"A powerful bad storm, jedgo," said Jones, good-naturedly. "Kem right up hyar by ther fire, an' get ye dry." "Yes," Green said, pleasantly, quick to note the sullen aspect of the men around the fire. "It's a night to make one glad of fire and shelter. Have ye a place for me to-night, Jones?"

"Sartin, jedgo. Wes al'ays a place fer ye an' a plate an' mug. Ye shal'



Young Green stood in their midst.

hev a smokin' supper ter sort o' straighten ye out, an' ye'll take off yer thes an' hev 'em dried. Hyar's a mug first ter brace ye. Et's a powerful bad night is this."

"Thank you," Green said. "You're a good-hearted host, Jones. It's pleasant to feel one is a heartily welcome."

He drew up the chair Jones placed for him, merely noticing the men in the simplest manner.

"How is Johnson now, jedgo?" Lodie asked, slowly. He was privileged to ask; was he not one of those who rescued the man?

"Unconscious," Green replied, gravely. "The doctors darest not leave him for a moment. He is in critical state and the least movement might prove fatal."

"Have theys sot his broke bones, jedgo?" Sadler asked, respectfully.

"Yes," Green replied, stretching his wet feet toward the fire and enjoying its warmth and rest after the dreary day. "They have set his right leg and his arm, but his left leg will have to be amputated near the hip."

A silence fell over them. A sort of awed silence it was, at thought of all it meant. And it was the same man who stood in their midst but three days before, powerful of muscle, with cords like an oak, vowing vengeance upon this young man who had saved his life.

"The leg should have been amputated at once, for it was in a terrible condition, but the doctors dared not do it; in his weak state it might prove fatal. To-morrow they hope to do it. His daughter knows nothing of his critical condition, and they wish her not to know. The waiting and suspense have told much on her already, and she must have no more excitement at present."

"An' he's goin' ter lose his leg?" Lodie asked, slowly. "Et's goin' ter hev ther hyard on ther gal as well as Johnson, 'pears ter me. Who'll take care of em, I'd like ter know?"

"They'll be taken care of," young Green replied, quietly, a touch of color in his face to hear these rough men speaking of these things in regard to such a woman as Dolores Johnson. "But it is doubtful about Johnson having to be taken care of many days."

Mrs. Jones came to the door and spoke to him. His supper was ready if he cared to have it then.

As he arose to obey the summons Tom Smith asked, gruffly, it might be out of bravado to hide his real feelings:

"Ef Johnson dies what 'bout ther trial ower yander, jedgo?" Green faced him with a look the men never forgot, as he replied, sharply:

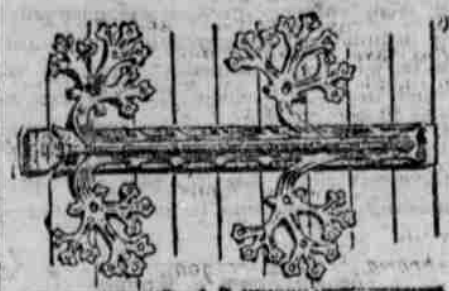
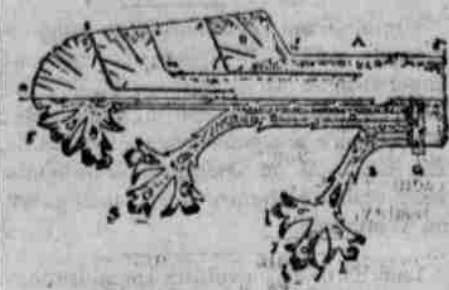
"What is a mare's life to that of a man, Smith? You had best let that matter drop till this is settled."

(To be continued.)

HINGES MADE BY ARTISTS.

Are Beautiful Specimens of Thirteenth Century Work.

The pictures given are of hinges made by artists of the anvil during this thirteenth century. Back of the strong and broad chest these trained artists and craftsmen had a heart action that was strong both physically and artistically. This beautiful metal lacework resulted from a training of mind, elevation of impulse and



strength and deftness of muscle. These are typical examples. They are delicate in conception and sensitive in execution and stamp their makers as artists. It was this spirit applied to all production which made the thirteenth century second only to the century which produced the Parthenon. It was this spirit which gave priceless value to the insignificant bits of metal, wood, stone or leather. It is such a spirit that would give to these same raw materials commercial value to-day. Beauty, or art, is the world's most priceless possession, both spiritually and commercially.

KIWI IS A QUEER BIRD.

Remarkable Biped Found Only in New Zealand.

In New Zealand is found the kiwi, a strange bird of the ostrich family. Ostriches have two toes, but the extinct moas had three toes; so also have the existing emus, cassowaries and rheas or South American ostriches. The kiwi, however, differs from the other struthious birds in having four toes. Further, the kiwi cannot be said to be quite ostrichlike, for in size it is not larger than an ordinary barnyard fowl. It has a small head with a large and muscular neck, a long, slender bill, with the distinguishing feature that the nostrils are placed very close to its tip. The legs are short, but the muscles on the thighs are well developed and the feet are strong and powerful and provided with sharp claws. The kiwi is a bird devoid of any external trace of wings, and there is no trace of tail visible, while it is covered with long, narrow, hairlike feathers, and on the fore part of the head and sides of the face are straggling hairlike feelers.

CURIOSITY OF HER SEX.

She Chatted with Paderewski Without Asking Stereotyped Question.

Paderewski stood festooned over the back of a carved oak chair at an evening reception with the purring of much femininity around him. One insignificant woman, after alienating all her friends by snatching a three-minute talk with him, prepared to move away.

"I beg that you will stay, madam," said Paderewski, with the melancholy of Poland's snows and his own personal ennui patent in his voice. "You are the only lady in the room to-night who has not asked me how I feel when I play."—New York Times.

New Rare Stamp Found.

The Paris postal authorities, in looking over a mass of old stamps the other day, discovered some curious specimens of Napoleon III., dated 1867.

It is well known that the emperor wore only a mustache and imperial, but by some error these stamps represented him with a full beard, which gave him a worn and aged appearance.

They were never put into circulation, but already eager collectors are trying to get hold of them.—Sketch.

Found Highwayman's Hoard.

What appears to be a genuine highwayman's hoard has lately been found by two farm workers near Bonvillaton, Glamorganshire. The coins were unearthed during the banking of a hedge. They are in excellent preservation and include four gold coins about the size of a four-shilling piece, eight guineas, a half guinea, forty-two "sovereigns," twenty-seven shillings, three sixpences, three other large coins and several half-crowns. They are of the reigns of James II., William and Mary, and Queen Anne.

TREE IS WELL NAMED.

Product of Ceylon Deserves its Sobriquet "Umbrella."

The umbrella tree is found in Ceylon in greater profusion than anywhere else in the world. As a matter of scientific fact, these trees grow to their greatest height and attain to their greatest size in very wet, rainy countries. This growth is due to the fact that the tree requires a great deal of moisture, and not because it is needed to keep off the rain. A remarkably fine specimen of the umbrella tree is shown herewith. As a matter of fact, this tree forms so complete an umbrella that a number of people might take shelter under its spreading branches from the rain. The foliage is, besides, as a rule, so thick that the umbrella tree serves to keep off the rain almost perfectly even in a heavy shower.—New York Herald.

OBEYED DOCTOR TOO WELL.

New Yorker Took Queer Measures to Get Rid of Fat.

"It is astonishing how stupid some men are," said Col. 'Abe' Gruber to a party of friends. "My doctor told me to-day of a very stout patient who came to him for advice about reducing his weight. The doctor drew up a careful dietary, consisting of dry toast, boiled beef, etc."

"At the end of a month the patient called and was so fat he could scarcely walk. The physician was amazed, and asked the man what he had been eating."

"Just what you prescribed, doctor."

"Anything else?" demanded the physician.

"Why, of course; I ate my regular meals, too. You didn't tell me to omit them."—New York Times.



CAUGHT FISH WORTH \$300.

Fifth Known Specimen of Sailfish Taken Off Florida Coast.

The luckiest Cincinnati fisherman this year is Mr. Edward Hart, who last week caught a large "sailfish," a few miles at sea, off Miami, Fla.

This fish is one of the rarest known to science. Previous to the one caught by Mr. Hart there have been but four others captured; three of them are in European museums and one at the Smithsonian Institution.

The one caught by the Cincinnati weighs seventy-five pounds and is a perfect specimen of his kind.

These sailfish are peculiarly constructed. On their backs is a sort of a pocket from which they can put up a fibrous oval fin, which forms a sail for the fish when moving at the surface of the ocean. When the wind is blowing strong these fish can travel at a rapid rate when their sail is set.

On the under part of the fish is a strong fin, which they can draw entirely into the body as they sail.

The long sword protruding from the fish's head makes of this tribe a formidable enemy to the other fishes. They are found only along the Florida coast.

A few days after Mr. Hart caught his specimen, he saw two or three others sailing on top of the water and going at a rapid rate.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Priceless Writing.

KAI TQTE DIABAEVEIC

EKBAMEIN TO KAPOC

TO EN TW OPOBAMW 7

TOY ABΛAYOY COY AΓEI

3 IC EAM MH NHCTEYCH

TAI TON KOOMON OY MH

EYPHTAI THN BACIAEI

AN TOY BY KAI EAM MH

CABBATICHTE TO CAB 7

10 BATON OYK OYECOE TO

Fac-simile of the text of the newly discovered "sayings of Jesus."

MADE WELL BY FREEZING.

Swiss Gentleman Cured Himself of Long-Standing Dyspepsia.

Scientific investigation has discovered that that troublesome disease, dyspepsia, can be cured by short intervals of exposure to intense cold, followed by hearty eating. M. Raouli Pictet, a Swiss gentleman, was experimenting with a very low temperature. He had produced an artificial temperature in a sort of pit which caused the thermometer to sink to 140 or 150 degrees below zero. Among other experiments he exposed himself for a brief interval to this temperature by lowering himself into the pit. On emerging he found himself intensely hungry and ate freely. The process was repeated several times, and as a result he found himself cured of chronic indigestion, from which he had suffered for years.



"Look a-hyar, mau!"

warn't no common thes hed hap'd Johnson. Thar he were with his two legs broke an' his arms, an' covered with bruises an' mebb'y no end o' broke bones; an' I says ter myself thet 't warn't no common thes hed hap'd Johnson. An' when ther doctors kem theys sed—I asked ther jedgo's son as I were comin' out, an' he telled me—theys sed Johnson ain't long ter live, an' thet 't would be a miracle ef he even live a week. An'